Meanwhile Johnny was worrying that he'd be typecast with schizophrenia. Well, TRIXIE said, in her most unctuous auteur voice, at least you'll get your (goddamned) OSCAR!

She grabbed his arm and stabbed him with her prick. So your Box Office is about to be halved?! Big DEAL! Ha ha ha.

Johnny knew that if anybody'd threatened to dock her receipts by so much as 2% she'd have squealed like a stuck SOW. He noticed she was speaking through clenched teeth. It was a SIGN! That what she was saying was ABSOLUTELY TRUE! It also meant she was having difficulty with her role, because HE was SO STUPID. She would have been the Trixie Cavell of Yucca Flats by now, had it not been for his STUPIDITY making her want to muzzle thump him with her AK47. Why couldn't he see it? She was HERE for him, but THE SWAMI was THERE for him. THERAPY would HELP. He knew her SWAMI was useless and she was passing the FUCK. She ground her teeth like a rusty Volvo. It worked like MAGIC, on the crack-heads at Yucca Flats. Johnny was a Lada.... In which case Christianity was a Mazda Dealership and ISIS a Toyota....

Finally TRIXIE B. CAVELL set up an audition with Metro Goldwyn. She met Johnny again when he was waiting in the lobby. She was on her way to Yucca Flats, for the premier of STEALTH & DESPAIR. Break a leg, she said. Break BOTH legs....

Metro Goldwyn was a well-dressed Jewish man, very cheerful, like an affable studio boss in the 30s - the heyday of studio bosses. He was definitely a player. Johnny'd already looked him up in Billboard. He hung out with other Moguls, like Fred Lowly, the man who broke Olivieri for the PHARMAFASCISTS.

It took Metro Goldwyn 15 minutes to cast him as a schizophrenic - paranoid sub-type to be precise. Johnny was somewhat disappointed. He'd been hoping for something interesting and glamorous - like one of the paraphillias - but, while Metro had noted the foot-fucking, shit eating and dirty panty sniffing, they weren't the main event. Stealth and Despair didn't recognize rapists when they were sisters. The Code didn't allow it. Naturally Johnny wondered when the director's cut would be ready, compared to which his doctorate was but a trifle, a b-movie trailer, but Metro assured him - he would have the shooting script (progress notes).

Johnny said it wasn't exactly film noir. Maybe French New Wave? They might have liked it in Pamona, but Stealth and Despair insisted on an NC-17 or it was a Lost Weekend, a waste of champagne....

It was like just Trixie B. Cavell - asking him was he OK with it? Right after admitting she'd spied on him with The SWAMI! He thought of Mussolini and Clara Petacci....

He was OK with it.....

It was a WRAP!

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In Observations on Insanity, (See the Canada Medical Journal 1 (1864-65), 401-12) Workman scoffed that if masturbation were regarded per se, as an efficient cause, he dreaded to think how multitudinous would be the number of lunatics in America (406).

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